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(Jan 1-1884)

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(11 Jan 1-84)

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[Yeoman.]  
Some Irish thought of standing Pat, On that "stupendous liar." Till Burchard got too near the fat And kicked it in the fire; When every son of Erin who Was thus inclined to stand, Just gave his cards a close review And tumbled up his hand.

NEW YORK.  
Nevermore shall rascals fatten On the spoils in old Manhattan; Nevermore shall gold at dinner Sit beside the tattooed sinner; Every boulevard has his belly Full of Rum and Rone and—Kelly.

INDIANA.  
Shout the tidings! Sing Hosanna! Got 'em sure in Indiana, Got 'em in their last resort— Got 'em where their hair is short, Got 'em good and got 'em certain, Ring the bell and hoist the curtain.

CONNECTICUT.  
Shoot the lies and break the slate, There's trouble in the Nutmeg State; Blaine went out and barked his shins The devil's to pay and Cleveland wins.

NEW JERSEY.  
Look at me and raise your hats, I'm the cock of Jersey Flats; I'm the rooster, I'm the rover Standing stiff and straight for Grover.

**Lucky Numbers.**

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Do you believe in certain numbers being more lucky than others?" asked a Tribune reporter the other day of a gambler who was said to play on a "system," and who was, consequently, about "stone broke."

"Yes, I do," was the reply; "but I am not nearly as superstitious about numbers as some people. If you will come along with me I will introduce you to a friend of mine who swears by them and who has no end of anecdotes."

The reporter and the gambler accordingly wended their way to a downtown restaurant where the man they sought was found discussing a "steak."

"Do I believe in certain numbers being lucky? Well, you bet I do, and why not? Have you ever studied the question?"

The reporter confessed that he had not.

"Well, I'll explain. You see, card players, for instance, believe that there is good luck under the deuce and bad luck under the nine of diamonds. One theory says that even numbers are unlucky, because each can be divided into two, thereby denoting death and dissolution. Some people are in favor of odd numbers, because God is one in three and because he made the holy day the seventh. The number seven and its multiples were on other grounds made lucky, because a human being sheds his teeth at seven, becomes a youth at twice seven, a man at thrice seven, and reaches the limit at ten times seven. I have heard of an old superstition that three handfuls of sand on a dead body are as good as a funeral. Some people have a knack of making out lucky and unlucky years for people by adding together the year of our Lord, the digit which compose that number, the age of the individual, and the number of years between his birth, marriage, or some other notable event in his life."

"Are not people very superstitious about luck in lottery numbers?"

"Yes," continued the old gambler, "more so in that than in anything else. You see, they have no theory and just go blindly. I don't believe in lotteries, but many people do, and the agents of the companies, knowing just what sort of customers they have to deal with, make a specialty of professing to sell 'lucky numbers.' I knew a negro once who dreamed that two particular numbers would turn up prizes, and when they came blank he cut his throat with disappointment. I heard of a man once, too, who bought the ticket that won the capital prize in a lottery, and the day before the drawing it was stolen from him. When he heard that the ticket had won he went raving mad. A man, Anderson by name, kept a small grocery store, and bought four tickets for a lottery numbered consecutively. He was afraid this was unlucky, so the one he exchanged was bought by a man up in one of the frontier forts and it won the first prize. Another time a party of friends going down the Mississippi determined to buy a ticket among them and asked a little girl what number they should purchase. She told them No. 10,000. However, this wasn't mysterious enough, so they bought another number, but No. 10,000 won all the same. A friend of mine once bought the number 14,668, and he had dreamed that that number would win. A few days afterwards he read that 14,668 had won the big prize. He accordingly went out and treated right and left. On looking again, however, he found that he had misread 14,668 for 14,068, so he was out of pocket the drinks."

"Did you ever win anything through your belief?"

"Can't say I ever did."

**The Bad Boy.**

[Peck's Sun.]

"Will wonders never cease?" asked the groceryman of the bad boy. "I understand your father is going to start out as a book agent."

"Yes, wonders have ceased," said the boy, as he laughed all over his face. "Pa ain't going to be a book agent. He has gin it up."

"Well, he is mighty changeable," said the groceryman. "The minister told me only last night that he had got your pa the agency of the book called the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and he hoped he would do well. What's the matter? Don't you pa like the book?"

Oh, the book is all right, but you better wait until pa sees the minister, and you'll see a scragging match. You see the minister told pa that the business of selling books on subscription was the hardest business that was going, the agent received so many rebuffs, and discouragements, and sometimes assaults. He told pa that the only way to make up his mind to stand anything that came along, like a martyr, and if he was reviled to smile, and if he was struck to pray for the person who assaulted him, and not to lose his temper under any circumstances. Pa came home and said he was going to have a rehearsal that night, on selling books, and he had invited the minister and the deacon's wife and son to come over and help. When they all got over to our house pa explained that he wanted to appear to be a perfect stranger to us all, and he would ring the bell and come in to sell a book, and he wanted us to treat him in as bad a manner as we ever heard of a book agent being treated and not show any mercy at all, and if he could stand it without getting mad he thought he would make a success as a book agent. Well, you'd a dide if you had been there. Pa went out on the step with a book under his arm, and rang the bell, and the minister who was bossing the job, told the hired girl to go to the door and if he was a book agent to tell him the family didn't want any books, and slam the door in his face. The girl, who is Irish girl, went to the door and pa bowed politely, and asked her if she was the lady of the house, and told her she was looking charming. That made the girl mad, cause she is the homeliest looking girl in the world, and she knows it, and it made ma mad when she heard pa ask the girl if she was the lady of the house. "That do yez want?" said the girl, and as pa tried to edge in the door with his book she said, "Get out of that ye burling devil," and she shut the door on pa's coat tail and came back into the parlor and we all had a big laugh at pa. Some of us peeked through a window, and pa's coat tail was caught in the bell handle to ring again, so he had to take off his coat, and when the bell rang again ma went to the door, and found pa in his shirt sleeves, and when he asked ma if she was the hired girl, ma slammed the door in his face so hard it flattened his nose. Pa was getting mad. We knew that by the way he jerked the filling out of the bell. The minister went to the door, and pa said: "Are you the man of the house?" and the minister said he was, and pa said it was no such a damned thing, and the minister said he didn't want any impudence from no tramp and pa said he wasn't no tramp, and he could whip any man that said he was a tramp, and then he happened to think that was no way to sell a book, so he began to talk about his book of Martyrs. He had got into the hall, and the minister asked him if his book of Martyrs included Blaine and Cleveland and the James brothers, just to see if pa would get mad, and pa said the minister was a condemned fool, and the minister said if pa didn't quit being impudent he would call the servant and have him thrown into the street. Well pa said he could everlastingly knock the stuffing out of all the servants in that house, and the minister called the deacon's son and me to help him, and we grabbed him by his collar and pants, and we made him walk turkey out doors and down the steps, and we left him there. I guess pa was mad enough to have thrown rocks through the windows, only a policeman came along and asked pa what the row was, so pa he sniled and said they were just having some fun, and the policeman pulled pa's coat collar down off the top of his head, tucked his shirt in around the waist, and gave him his hat, and went on, and pa he got to studying how to commence again. The minister said when pa rung the bell again it was best for the hired girl to throw a teakettle of hot water on him. Ma wouldn't hear to hot water, so they compromised on water with the chill taken off. He rung again, and the girl took the teakettle and opened the door and soused him. I thought we would all die a laughing, as pa came in the door with the water running down on the carpet. He wasn't going to be mad, until he saw us all laughing, and the deacon's wife said "Hello Mr. Book Agent, been in swimming, hey?" That settled pa. He went in the kitchen and got a couple of pails of water, and he came back and soused the minister and the deacon's wife, and then pick-

ed up a shot gun and said, "Clear out, every condemned one of you, or I'll blow the tops of your heads off!" and they cleared. The minister went through the back kitchen and over the fence, and pa put a charge of bird shot right into the fence, just below where his pants was, and the minister yelled murder and went down the alley. The deacon's wife and son went out the front door real spry, and pa was just getting ready to maul me, though I wasn't to blame, when the same policeman came in and said he would have to run pa in for drunk and disorderly. Pa put down the gun, and laughed and said we was only rehearsing, and the policeman took a drink and went away and then pa said we had made dum fools of ourselves and overdid the thing, and he wouldn't be found dead selling the best book of martyrs ever was. Ma told him he had too much temper to be a martyr, and he said he didn't believe there was a martyr ever lived that would stand it to have his coat-tail split up the back and a teakettle of hot water poured down the back of his neck. He is going to take the book back to the minister this morning, and resign his agency, and if you see the minister preach next Sunday with a oyster tied over his eye, you can conclude pa has been rehearsing again with him. I think we can get more different kinds of fun out of pa than anybody in this town, don't you?"

The groceryman said, "Well, your pa is either a fool, or else he is easily deceived by designing persons. That minister knew your pa never could stand the racket," and then he drew a pint of cider and the bad boy helped him find the bottom of it.

**What Hurt Him.**

He was so hopping mad about it that he had to swallow the lump in his throat three or four times before he could speak English. When the other had patted him on the back and led him around in a circle, he began with:-

"Of course, if I made a debt I expect to pay it."

"Of course."

"I'm worth \$20,000, and don't owe \$200 in the world."

"Of course not."

"Well, I was sitting in the office about 11 o'clock this forenoon, when in came a stranger. He introduced himself and took a chair. I was smoking, and it was only courtesy to offer him a cigar. He said he had frequently heard my name mentioned, and I supposed he was some gentleman from the interior of the State who wanted my written legal opinion."

"He seemed rather diffident and embarrassed, and as he had not made his wants known up to noon I invited him home with me to dinner. He readily accepted."

"I see."

"After dinner I showed him all over the house, played billiards with him for half an hour, and then brought him back to the office and gave him another fifteen cent cigar and asked him to come to the point."

"And he came?"

"He did—bless him! He handed me a bill of fifty cents from a tin-shop here in town for mending the wash-boiler and putting a new nose on the tea-kettle?"—Free Press.

**Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.**

The December number closes the sixteenth volume of this admirable publication, and is even more than usually interesting. Now is the time to subscribe, and the new volume promises to be of a brilliant character. In the present number "Refaelio Sanzio Da Urbina," "The Capital City of Georgia," "Schiller, the Poet of Freedom," etc., are prominent articles, beautifully illustrated. Alfreton Hervey continues the interesting sketches, "Sacred Musicians of the XIX Century;" the editor, Dr. Talmage, has a characteristic article, "The Epidemic of Swindle," and a sermon in the Home Pulpit, "The Dumb Prayer Answered." There are also serial and short stories, sketches, essays and poems by favorite writers, and a miscellany abundant and entertaining. The illustrations are numerous and fine specimens of art. The price is only 25 cents a number, or \$2.50 per year, post-paid. Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

**On its Last Legs.**

Several ladies and gentlemen visited Central Park, New York, and they admired the animals very much, and more particularly the kangaroo. "That poor animal is going to die pretty soon," remarked Gilhooly punching it with his cane. "I don't see anything the matter with it."

"You don't? Well, I do. Can't you see that it is on its last legs?"—Texas Sittings.

**Why She Didn't Marry Him.**

"Yes, I live pleasantly enough with my husband," she said, "but I believe I should have married Augustus." All the girls hadn't made fun of him, and said he'd be bald as a pumpkin in a year or two. Young men, take warning, and use Parker's Hair Balsam. Cleanses the scalp, restores the color, removes dandruff. 91 2t

**PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.**

It is said that a camel can beat all other animals in a long, hot race. That is because the camel doesn't have to hump itself to get along fast.—Sifting.

A boarding house cook has been awarded \$450 for the invention of a new and improved chicken soup. Perhaps the improvement consists of putting in some chicken.—Derrick.

There is one thing certain about investing in telephone stocks. It is a sound investment. It is not, however, equal to a telegraphic instrument, for that is sounder.—Boston Times.

George—Yes; I take up my violin for my own amusement occasionally, but I never play before company. Tom—Thank you, my dear fellow, thank you, thank you!—Boston Transcript.

A Mexican priest claims to have discovered a key to the Aztec writing, but that is nothing. What a nation wants is a key that the average politician can find when he comes home late from a ward meeting.—Evansville Argus.

A correspondent asks: "Please advise me what a bald head denotes. I find some people grow bald sooner than others." We have always labored under the impression a bald head denoted an absence of hair.—Oil City Biennial.

There comes a time in every little girl's life when she is seized with a longing to cook. And there comes a time in every big girl's life when she is seized with a longing to hire somebody else to cook. It comes after she gets married.—Ex.

Scientists say that in 16,000,000 years there will not be drop of water on the earth. The St. John party don't scare worth a cent at this prediction, but it is calculated to create great uneasiness in the minds of circus lemonade vendors.—Norristown Herald.

A queer marriage custom prevails among the eglies in Siberia. If a man wishes to get married he applies to the governor, who selects one of the female prisoners, with whom the matrimonial candidate is expected to "keep company" for two or three days. If at the conclusion of this term the male party declares that the lady selected is not to his mind, he receives twenty-five blows with a stick, and another bride is chosen for him—and so on. In most countries the candidate for matrimony doesn't receive the blow with a stick until sometime after he is married. We don't know but what the Siberian plan has its advantage.—Norristown Herald.

**Malarial Poison.**

ROME, GA., May 23, 1883.

In 1880 I came from the North to take charge of the gas works in Rome, as superintendent, and after the overflow, which occurred in the spring following, I was very much exposed to malarial poison, and in 1882 found my blood so contaminated with poison that I was forced to give up business. I was treated by the Rome physicians without relief, they advising me to go North, which I did. The doctors North told me that my only hope was to return to the milder climate, and accordingly I came back to Rome, completely broken down and nearly a skeleton. My trouble finally determined in an abscess of the liver, and nearly every one, (myself included) though I was doomed to die in a few days. In this condition I was advised by a friend to take Swift's Specific, and I took it just as a drowning man would catch at a straw, but as soon as my system got under the influence of the remedy, the abscess came to a point and burst, passing off without pain. In fifteen days after this I was up at my work, and have since enjoyed excellent health.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., 159 W. 23d St., and 1205 Chestnut St., Phila. 91 2t

**A Human Monster.**

"Wasn't Charley Green up to your house last night?" asked one young lady of another.

"Yes."

"How pleasant that was! I think he is just too nice for use."

"Well, I don't," was the snappy reply.

"Why not?"

"Oh, because he's no good."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Why, don't you think after he had been there about an hour he asked Fannie and me to take a stroll with him, and of course we thought it meant oysters, for it was a lovely oyster night, and we were just boiling, and we went out only too quick."

"And didn't you get it?"

"Get it? No! He walked us six or eight squares, and then said it would be so much fun to get weighed, and he took us to grocery store and we got weighed, and that's all we did get. Now, what do you think of that kind of a man?"

**Piles, Piles, Piles.**

Can be entirely cured by the use of Ethiopian Pile Ointment. For sale by J. R. Armistead, Gish & Garner and G. E. Gaither. Try a bottle. If

Dr. Samuel Hodge's Sarsaparilla and potash is a sure cure for rheumatism, scrofula, scald head or tetter, chronic sores of all kind, or any disease arising from impurity of the blood. You can get a trial bottle at J. R. Armistead's, G. E. Gaither's or Gish & Garner's.

**NEW GROCERY STORE,**  
**CHAS. McKEE & CO., Props.,**  
WE PROPOSE TO KEEP THE BEST STOCK OF  
**Staple and Fancy GROCERIES,**  
**CIGARS AND TOBACCO**

To be found in the city. Moreover we propose to sell goods at the lowest possible price and for CASH. Call around and see us at Cowan & Huggins' old stand, under South Kentuckian Office, Nashville Street.  
Jan. 16-84-17.

**Jno. W. Breathitt, Jr.**  
HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A  
**First-Class Stock**  
—OF—  
**GROCERIES!**  
AND WILL SELL SO THAT ALL CAN LIVE.  
**Give Him a Trial**  
AND YOU WILL BE PLEASED WITH HIS GOODS AND PRICES.  
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**CARRIAGE MAKERS**  
And Dealers in Farming Implements & Harvesting Machinery.  
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HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY  
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, OR MAKE TO ORDER,  
Fine Carriages Rockaways, Buggies, Etc. Etc.  
REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.  
(Nov. 23, '83-8m)

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Long, Garnett & Co.	
ISSUE	
STORM & FIRE INSURANCE	
ON	
Dwellings, Live Stock	
AND	
Farm Property.	
Office in Garnett & Williams' New Building, over Russell's Store.	

**MY MOTTO: WRIGHT WRONGS NO ONE!**  
**CLOTHING! CLOTHING!**  
**JNO. T. WRIGHT**  
NOW HAS ON HAND THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF  
**Men and Boys' Clothing**  
to be found in the city, to which he invites the attention of the public. Also a full line of GENTS FURNISHING GOODS of every description.  
**Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes, and Everything Worn by Man or Boy** in great variety and at the LOWEST PRICES.  
**FINEST LINE OF MERCHANT TAILORING GOODS IN THE CITY.**  
Suits Made to Order and Fits Warranted.  
**JNO. T. WRIGHT.**  
SEPT. 19-17  
S. G. BUCKNER. JOS. C. WOOLDRIDGE.

**Buckner & Wooldridge,**  
—PROPRIETORS—  
**Main Street Fire-Proof Tobacco Warehouse,**  
**Main Street,**  
**HOPKINSVILLE, - KENTUCKY.**

Special attention paid to Inspection and Sale of Tobacco. Liberal Advances made on Tobacco. All Tobacco advanced on will be insured at owner's expense.  
Oct 14-8m

**IMPORTANT To Young Men! To Young Ladies!**  
Learn that which will be of benefit to you when you become men and women  
**THE EVANSVILLE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE**  
At the corner of Third and Main Streets, Evansville, Ind., MEETS THE DEMAND.  
WE GIVE A THOROUGH and Practical Course in Book-Keeping, teaching the best and latest forms of books as used in the many different kinds of business.  
WE GIVE A THOROUGH Course in Business Penmanship.  
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WE GIVE A THOROUGH Course on Commercial Law.  
WE GIVE A COURSE of Business Training that is worth money to whoever takes it. OUR SCHOOL IS OPEN DAY AND NIGHT, and students can enter at any time. WE EXTEND A CORDIAL INVITATION to all who are interested in practical education.  
**CURNICK & RANK, Principals**  
Nov. 17-17.





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Daily Courier-Journal	\$12.50
Weekly Courier-Journal	\$3.25
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Farmers Home Journal	\$3.00
Farmers' Magazine	\$3.00
Country's Lady's Book	\$3.00
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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We want fresh, reliable and readable letters from every neighborhood where the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN circulates. Give us the news plainly, correctly, briefly and intelligibly, without needless comment or rhetorical flourishes. Let no ordinary noticeable ten lines; don't discuss the weather, or write about matters of no interest to the reading public. (We but one side of the paper and write as often as you have news to chronicle, and so on.

### Our Agents

The following persons are our authorized agents, who will receive subscription for the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

J. W. Williams, Pembroke, Ky.  
W. B. Brewer, Fairview, Ky.  
L. McGee, Trenton, Ky.  
J. M. Adams & Co., Church Hill, Ky.  
F. B. Hancock, Casky, Ky.  
J. C. Marquess, Paduca, Ky.  
Mrs. Gertie L. Griffin, Lafayette Ky.  
B. J. Faulkner, Caledonia, Ky.  
W. A. White, Macedonia, Ky.

### "PATIENCE" POETRY.

I'm a take-in-the-eight young man,  
A do-the-thing-brown young man,  
A terrible masher and regular crusher,  
Dead-head-at-the-shows young man.

I'm a brown-stone-front young man,  
A narrow-brimmed-hat young man,  
A water-for-cash, but still living on cash,  
Six-dollar-a-week young man.

I'm a son-of-a-dog young girl,  
A spit-out-and-frozen young girl,  
A languishing, daisy, all-powder-and-painty  
Sit-up-till-evening young girl.

I'm a would-be-aesthetic young girl,  
A do-the-art young girl,  
A post-in-embryo, don't-know-a-thing-you-know,  
All-on-the-surface young girl.

I'm a novel-reading young girl,  
A lie-awake-till-three young girl,  
A romantic, half-crazy, but terribly lazy,  
Let-us-do-the-work young girl.

—Irvingly Page.

### LOCUST LEAVES.

The mellow moonlight never fell with more witching power over the Alhambra than falls the soothing sunlight this delightful Sabbath morning over the quiet little homes on Hackley street. The orange and citron tree, tipped with silver, never looked more beautiful than our little locust tree now looks, tipped with gold. The morning-glories that sweep around our doors are all in mute conversation with the breezes that wander close and kiss them. We understand their smiles and nods, but, out of respect to the morning-glories, we attempt no translation of them, for earth has no language with which we can accurately paint the dress of the flowers. A spray of three large purple blossoms has peeped in at us through a window that has not been closed for many days; they speak to us in the same sweet language that did their sisters in our childhood days, and, for a moment, returns our childhood's faith in a flower-sprinkled, flower-crowned, music-filled heaven. Delightful, indeed, though Eden must have been, we cannot imagine it superior to the great, wide, unfenced, deep old wildwood through which we went nut gathering the other day. There rested such a holy calm, such a pure, sweet peace over the whole scene that a serpent would not have dared to lift its head. The sky was soft and blue, and seemed to rest upon the gold of the tree-tops. The music of the falling nuts and whispering leaves was full of suggestions of the beautiful that the heart can better understand than the tongue express. One little pond or lake in the depth of this old wilderness is a vision of beauty in itself. It is round as a rose and lined with mosses of every kind, and fringed here and there with groups of fern and maiden hair that seem nodding and peeping and laughing in ecstasy at the sight of their own beautiful forms reflected in the sparkling water beneath. Moss-covered logs lie here and there all through it, forming tiny green islands in that lone little sea. From the joyous bird-songs that rose out of it and echoed around it we named it the "Bird's Paradise." If you should ever go nutting in that wild old wood, do not fail to find and feast your soul upon the transcendent beauty of that tropic-like vale of life.

Mrs. J. V. H. KOON,  
MUSIC, IND.

### THE DISCOVERER OF GRANT.

A striking feature of Mr. Forney's career in politics and journalism was his discovery of Gen. Grant as Presidential candidate. The suggestion was first made by Mr. Forney in the fall of 1867, just after his return from Europe, where he had been to visit the Paris Exposition of that year, to Chief Justice Carter, of the District of Colorado, and Senator Thayer, of Nebraska. After digesting the idea for a day or two it impressed Mr. Forney favorably, and—but he can tell the story in his own words: "I retired to my rooms on Capitol hill and prepared the five-column article which appeared in the Washington Chronicle and the Philadelphia Press of Nov. 7, 1867. After it was in type Senator Thayer and myself called upon John A. Rawlins, Chief of Gen. Grant's staff, and read it to him. He instantly advised that it should appear the very next day; but I answered that Gen. Grant was not a candidate for President, and did not desire to be, and, if I printed it without authority, respectable politician would call upon him and ask him if he had been made a candidate with his sanction. He will, of course, reply that he never saw the article until it was in print, and so all your schemes to make him President gang agley. Then Rawlins took it to Gen. Grant and staid a long time. When he returned he said, 'Gen. Grant is quite pleased with your statement of his political record, and surprised that he proves to be so good a Republican.' Of course Grant was predestined to be President of the United States, but there

can be but little doubt that John W. Forney was one of the most potent instruments in the hands of the fate that shaped the civil career of the great Captain.—Philadelphia Press.

### CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many and very great discoveries and changes:

In 1809 Fulton took out his first patent for the invention of a steamboat. The first steamships which made regular trips across the Atlantic ocean were the Sirius and Great Western in 1830.

The first public application to practical use of gas for illumination was made in 1802.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813 there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill, believed to have been the first in the world, which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth from the raw cotton.

In 1790 there were only twenty-five postoffices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rate of postage was 25 cents for a letter sent over 400 miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks began to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length in the United States was constructed.

In 1840 the first experiments in photography were made by Daguerre.

About 1840 the first express business was established.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1830.

In 1836 the patent for the invention of matches was granted.

Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

The first successful method of making vulcanized India rubber was patented in 1839.

### AFTER THE VICTORY.

Gen. Badeau, in his "Life of Gen. Grant," speaking of the interview between Lee and Grant, the day after the surrender, says:

"The conversation was protracted, and the restless Sheridan, not used to waiting, at last rode up and asked permission to cross the lines and visit some of his old comrades in the rebel army. Leave, of course, was given, and with him went Gen. Ingalls and Seth Williams, both men of the old army, with as many personal friends among the rebel officers as under the national flag. They soon found acquaintances, and, when the interview between Grant and Lee was over, the three returned, bringing with them nearly every officer of high rank in the rebel army to pay their respects to Grant and to thank him for the terms he had accorded them the day before. Lee now bade good morning and returned to his own headquarters, while the national chief and those with him repaired to a farm-house hard by, where the capitulation had been signed. It was also, came Longstreet, Gordon, Heth, Wilcox, Pickett and other rebel officers of fame, splendid soldiers, who had given their enemies much trouble; and Sheridan, Ord, Griffin and the men on Grant's staff met them cordially. First, of course, the rebels were presented to Grant, who greeted them with kindness. Most of them he knew personally. Longstreet had been at his wedding; Cadmus Wilcox was his groomsmen; Heth was a subaltern with him in the Mexican war. Others he had served with in garrison or on the Pacific coast. They all expressed their appreciation of his magnanimity. To be allowed not only their lives and liberty, but their swords, had touched them deeply. One said to him in my hearing, 'General, we have come to congratulate you on having wound us up.' 'I hope, replied Grant, 'it will be for the good of us all.' Then the other national officers took their turn, shaking hands cordially with men whom they had met in many a battle or with whom they had earlier shared glory or blanket on the Indian trail or Mexican frontier; with classmates of West Point and sworn friends of boyhood. Some shed tears as they hugged each other after years of separation and strife. Countrymen all they felt themselves now, and not a few of the rebels declared that they were glad the war ended in the triumph of the nation."

### A VALUABLE SECRET.

It is related of Franklin that, from the window of his office in Philadelphia he noticed a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house which was being erected close by, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, the happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one day, Franklin requested to know the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits.

"It's no secret, doctor," the man replied. "I've got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always gives me a kind word of encouragement and a blessing with her parting kiss; and when I go home she is sure to meet me with a smile and a kiss of welcome; and then tea is sure to be ready; and, as we chat in the evening, I find she has been doing so many little things through the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word or give an unkind look to anybody."

And Franklin adds:

"What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; and a sunny smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful."

The watchmaker, can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time.

### NEW STYLES IN GLOVES.

The broad inserted bands of lace still continue to be worn in kid as well as in silk gloves. Very elegant ones have a lacing extending from the middle, close to the fingers, up to the very edge of the length. An odd extreme of fancy is shown in a glove into which an applique of lace holds four tiny bits of gold-colored silk wrought to imitate gold coins. The glove has an edge above the hem wrought in gold thread, and is finished by a gold and white tassel. These are ivory white and intended only for evening wear. Caroubier red, currant red and scarlet have appeared in imprinted kids for fall wear, as also a curious yellow, called old gold; this latter has the advantage of harmonizing with almost any costume and does not sit easily. Dark grape, dark wine, bronze-green and a shade resembling brass-color are among the new ones. A very elegant applique of lace appears upon the wrist of a novel glove introduced by a well-known maker. The laced kid glove fits the hand and wrist beautifully, and is in favor with those who find difficulty in buttoning a glove over their plump wrists. The unresisting kids come in all the popular shades and are worn for driving or walking. A glove to be neat must be of good make and fit, and the less ornamentation it has the more elegant.

### A LITERARY PIRATE.

D. Quincy was a prodigious reader, an amiable, kind digestion, and assimilated his mental food with amazing rapidity. An ardent lover of books, and finding nothing for pet editions—the fables and luxuries of paper, printing, and binding. Tree-calf and sheep, Turkey morocco and muslin, were all new to him. His pursuit of books was like that of the savage who seeks but to appease the hunger of the moment. A common with the whole tribe of book borrowers, he rarely returned a book loaned to him, folio or quarto in one or a set, though sometimes a book was greatly enhanced in value by a profuse edging of manuscript. When short of writing paper, he never hesitated to tear out the leaves of a broad-margin book, whether his own or belonging to another. It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of these piratical proceedings, none of his friends ever complained of him.—*Quincy with Men and Books.*

### THE WOODEN HAT.

Somewhere about the year 1780, traveling millwright, foot-sore and with the broadest Northern Doric accent, stopped at Soho, at the engine factory of Boulton & Watt, and asked for work. His aspect was little better than one of beggary and poor looks, and Boulton had bidden him God speed to some other shop, when, as he was turning away, sorrowfully, Boulton suddenly called him back.

"What kind of a hat's you've have on your head, me mon?"  
"It's just timber, sir."  
"Timber, me mon; let's look at it. Where did you get it?"  
"I just made it, sir, my ainself."  
"How did you make it?"  
"I just turned it in the lathe."

"But it's oval, mon, and the lathe turns things round."  
"A weel! I just gar'd the lathe gang another gear, to please me. I'd a long journey afore me, and I thought to have a hat to keep out water, and I hadna much silver to spare, and I made me one."

By his inborn mechanism the man had invented an oval hat and made his hat, and the hat made his fortune. Boulton was not the man to lose so valuable a help; thus the after-famous William Murdoch—the originator of locomotive and lighting by gas—took suit and service under Boulton & Watt, and in 1784 made the first vehicle impelled by steam in England, and with the very hands and brain-cunning that had produced the "timber hat."—*American Machinist.*

Mr. GEORGE T. ANGELL, of Boston, in a public address, stated that samples of glucose examined contained sulphuric acid, copperas and sulphate of lime. Dr. B. C. Kedzie, Professor of Chemistry in the Michigan State Agricultural College, analyzed seventeen specimens of common table sirups and found fifteen of them made of glucose. One of them contained 141 grains of oil of vitriol and 724 grains of lime to the gallon; and another, which had caused serious sickness to a whole family, contained seventy-two grains of oil of vitriol, twenty-eight grains of sulphate of iron (copperas) and 363 grains of lime to the gallon. As the glucose is made by boiling corn starch in sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), and then mixing it with lime, the presence of these deleterious articles is easily explained.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CAMPTON, who was nearly 90 years of age, committed suicide by drowning in a shallow pond near her house at Metuchen, N. J. She suffered from many hallucinations, the most remarkable of which was that she was in danger of hanging at the hands of Gen. Hancock. She learned from the newspapers that Gen. Hancock had had something to do with the hanging of a woman, and became possessed with the idea that, if elected, he would immediately seek out and execute her in order to get her property.

MARK TWAIN says the only introduction to a literary audience that he ever had that seemed to him the right way in the right place—a real inspiration—was as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall not waste any unnecessary time in the introduction. I don't know anything about this man; at least I only know two things about him—one is that he has never been in the penitentiary, and the other is, I can't see why."

"WHAT" asks an excited correspondent in Iowa, "will stand out more prominently in the history of the year 1880 than the fact that 50,000,000 people chose for themselves a ruler?" Nothing that we know of, unless it is the fact that a 2-year-old colt trotted in 2:26.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### PLEASANTRIES.

CALLING a red-headed man a liar is experimenting with explosives.  
Sue may dress in silk, or may dress in satin, May know the languages Greek and Latin, May know fine art, may love and sigh— But she ain't no good if she can't make pie.  
It is proposed to make education a necessary qualification for future pedestrian matches, so that he who runs may read.

SOMEONE notes that love is more interesting than marriage, for the same reason that romance is more enticing than history.

"Wny," asked a Sunday-school teacher of a little boy, "did Jacob marry the two daughters of Laban?" "I dunno, except perhaps he was satisfied with one mother-in-law."

"Isn't your husband a little bald?" asked one lady of another, in a store recently. "There isn't a bald hair in his head," was the hasty reply of the wife.

The small boy said to the little girl—"Do you wish to be my little wife?" The little girl, after reflecting—"Yes." The small boy—"Then take off my boots."

"I LIKE hot weather best," said a Philadelphia girl, "because it makes pa and ma so sleepy that they don't come bothering around the parlor the nights I have company."

"Why is it that your loves are so much smaller than they used to be?" asked a Galveston man of his baker. "I don't know, unless it is I use less dough than formerly," responded the latter.—*Galveston News.*

His lips were like the leaves, he said, By autumn's crimson tinted; Some people autumn leaves preserve By pressing them, she hinted. The meaning of the gentle hint The lover did discern, And so he clapped her round the neck, And glued his lips to her's!

A LITTLE girl once said that she would be very glad to go to heaven, because they had plenty of preserves there. By being cross-examined she took down her catechism and triumphantly read: "Why ought the saints to love God? Answer: Because He makes, preserves, and keeps them."

MR. PRIORIS (at dinner, to a fair Knickerbocker on a visit to Boston for the third or fourth time)—"I've heard you are so awfully, ah, clever, you know." Miss Sharp—"Excuse me, Mr. Prioris, you must have made a mistake for I assure you I'm next to an idiot."—*Columbia Spectator.*

### BRET HARTE.

Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, N. Y., in 1837. At 17 he went to California, where he taught school, became a miner and then a compositor in a newspaper office at Eureka, Nev. Returning to San Francisco, he was a compositor, and afterward editor of the *Golden Era*. He held positions successively in the Survey or General's office, the United States Marshal's office and the Branch Mint, and was concerned in the management of the *Californian*. He became widely known by his poems and characteristic pictures of California life in the *Overland Monthly*, founded and edited by him in July, 1865. Since then he has published several volumes of stories, sketches and poetry. Harte now lives in England.

DR. GATLING, inventor of the famous gun, has just perfected another instrument of war that is reported to be most complete in its deadly properties. It is capable of firing 1,000 shots in a minute, and by the use of the instrument three men can do the work of 300 riflemen. It is capable of killing a man or horse one mile away. It is somewhat in the form of the present Gatling gun, but more complete, and may be taken to pieces at will, and therefore can be moved about easily.

### Enemies Ready to Strike.

Every family is constantly in danger from impure water, unripe fruit, unwholesome food, contagious diseases, cramps, cholera morbus, coughs and colds, indigestion and simple fever. In such cases a bottle of Parker's Tonic kept in the house renders it unnecessary to call a physician. Nothing so good for children. 91c.

GENERALLY speaking, outside of the legal fraternity there is not a great deal of clothing to be found in a law suit.

"Rough on Coughs." Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Tracheitis, etc. Liquid, 50c.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, snakes, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers, etc. Drugists.

Heart Pains. Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness caused by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Sores." Ask for Wells' "Rough on Sores," for Sores, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Pain" Pains Plaster: Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

Thin People. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility, etc.

Whooping Cough. And the many throat affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Balsam, 25c.

Mothers. If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." 25c. Drugists.

Life Preserver. If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Face-ache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15c and 25c.

Pretty Women. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrhal Throat Affections. Hacking, Irritating Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworms, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bites, chilblains.

The Hope of the Nation. Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Wide Awake. Three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c.; Balsam, 25c.

"Rough on Pain" Pains Plaster: Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

**\$11.00 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY**

Stokers of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco will receive Premiums as follows on terms and conditions here specified:

1st Premium	\$5,000
2d "	\$2,000
3d "	\$1,000

24 other Premiums to be drawn.

The 25 premiums will be awarded December 25, 1887. 1st Premium to be given for the next largest number of tobacco bags prior to Dec. 15. 2d will be given for the next largest number of bags, in the order of the number of empty bags received from each of the twenty-five successful contestants. Each bag must bear our official Bull Durham label, U. S. Revenue stamp, and Cautions Notice. Bags must be dated up securely in a package, with name and address of sender, and number of bags contained, plainly marked on the outside, and must be sent, charges prepaid, to Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C. Every tobacco package has a picture of Bull. See our next announcement.

**THE REMINGTON Sewing Machine.**

LIKE THE REMINGTON RIFLE. UNEXCELLED BY ANY! Sure to Give Satisfaction.

General Office, Ilion, N. Y.  
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Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior. It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.

OUR AIM IS TO BRING THE COTTAGE ORGAN TO THE PEOPLE.

These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.

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The majority of the ills of the human body arise from a derangement of the Liver, affecting both the stomach and bowels. In order to effect a cure, it is necessary to remove the cause. Prickly and Sluggish action of the bowels, Headache, Sickiness at the Stomach, Pain in the Back and Loins, etc., indicate that the Liver is at fault, and that nature requires assistance to enable this organ to throw off impurities.

Prickly Ash Bitters are especially compounded for this purpose. They are mild in their action and effective as a cure; are pleasant to the taste and taken easily by both children and adults. Taken according to directions, they are a safe and pleasant cure for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, etc. As a Blood Purifier they are superior to any other medicine cleansing the system thoroughly, and imparting new life and energy to the individual. It is a medicine and not an intoxicating beverage.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR FAIRLY ASH BITTERS, and take at once. PRICE, \$1.00 per Bottle. FRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO. PROPRIETORS, St. Louis and St. C. City, Mo.

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.**

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, and it is certain in its effect and action. Read proof below.

From the "Spirit of the Times," July 26, 1887.

Horses in the stable, paddock, or when at exercise, are always liable to accidental bruises, which frequently result in enlarging the joints and forming unsightly swellings on the knees and loins. Dr. J. Kendall, of North Falls, N. Y., has discovered a most successful remedy for these troubles, which is certain in its effects and does not blister. The Doctor is in daily receipt of testimonials of the good effect of his remedy. It should always be kept on hand by owners of horses and keepers of livery stables. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. For sale by druggists everywhere, and by Dr. J. Kendall's Company, Enosburgh Falls, N. Y.

**SUFFERERS COCA, BEEF & IRON**

(With Phosphorus) A BLOOD, BRAIN & NERVE TONIC. If your Druggist does not keep it in stock, order it from the Great Medical Discovery of modern times. CHAS. W. SCOTT & CO., Kansas City, Mo. Use Dr. SCOTT'S LIVER PILLS.

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Respectfully invite the public to their Tonsorial Parlor, promising to do SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, etc., in the most excellent style.

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They would be pleased to wait on all who may call on them.

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Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT & IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

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The Science of Life should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all—London, Lancet. There is no member of society to whom the Science of Life will be more useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor of clergyman, or Argonaut.

Address: The Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bullfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians. HEAL. A specialty. Such treated successfully without any failure. Instance of THYSELF failure. Month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail post-paid. For full particulars, send for this paper.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of Alcohol, Opium, and other narcotics. Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death. Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, involuntary Losses and Seminal Emissions caused by over-exertion of the brain, abuse of the system, or other causes. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail post-paid. For full particulars, send for this paper.

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Sole Proprietors of West's Liver Pills.

**D. LANCELL'S ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY.**

Having struggled 20 years with life and death in Asthma and Catarrh, treated by eminent physicians, and received no benefit, I was compelled during the last five years of my illness to sit on my chair day and night, gasping for breath; my sufferings were beyond description. I was a helpless invalid, and my self by compounding roots and herbs, and inhaling the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR ASTHMA AND CATARRH, warranted to relieve the most stubborn case of ASTHMA IN FIVE MINUTES, so that the patient can lie down to rest and sleep comfortably. Please read the following testimonials. Extracts from the benefit of the afflicted:

C. A. Clark, Wakarusa, O., writes: "I particularly desire your remedy to be sent me, as I have Asthma and Catarrh cure in the world. I have tried everything else, and all failed but yours. I wish you would send me a box of your Catarrh Remedy. To me it seems like a heaven sent blessing. I have recommended it to a great many others."

C. A. Hall, Rahway, Wis., writes: "I received your trial package and find it invaluable, doing just what I wanted for my Asthma and Catarrh. I am a God-send to humanity. No one can afford to go without who is suffering from Asthma or Catarrh."

Such are the expressions of praise and gratitude received daily, and find it invaluable, doing just what I wanted for my Asthma and Catarrh. I am a God-send to humanity. No one can afford to go without who is suffering from Asthma or Catarrh."

Send me your name and address and I will forward you a trial package in return for \$1.00. Send for a CHARGE. Full size box by mail, \$1.00. Sold by druggists. Address, D. LANCELL, Apple Creek, O. Inventor and sole proprietor. (